

OXFORD OBSERVER.

VOL. I.

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NO. 3

THE OBSERVER

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A. A. BARTON,

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POETRY.

From "American Sketches."

COCHICO.

'Tis not that the waves of Cochico
Are purer than the waves of glow;
Or brighter the shrubs and the flowers,
Or the raves of Cochico that blow.
'Tis not that the sun, which blushes,
As it bades in its shadowy tide,
Or the green its billow, that brushes,
Are better than thousands beside.
'Tis not that the meadows are greener
Or the trees more towering and hoar,
Or the escarpments more towering and hoar,
Than you've witnessed an hundred times o'er.
'Tis this, that so gladdens Cochico,
It shows on the times, that have fled,
And the trees to be sure are the brightest,
That all often have waved o'er my head.
'Tis this, that the days of my childhood
Have played 'mid its elms and its vines,
And remembrance can count every wild-wood,
And murmuring haunts, where it shines.
'Tis this, that the waves of Cochico
Still bloom for the friends that are near,
'Tis this, that so makes its recesses,
Its shades, and its roses so dear.

MISCELLANY.

From "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life."

MOSS SIDE.

Gilbert Ainslie was a poor man; and he had been a poor man all the days of his life, which were not few, for his hair was now waxing grey. He had been born and bred on the small moorland farm which he now occupied; and he hoped to die there, as his father and grandfather had done before him, leaving a family just above the more bitter wants of this world. Labor, hard and unremitting, had been his lot in life; but, although some times severely tried, he had never repined; and through all the mist and gloom, and even the storms that had assailed him, he had lived on from year to year, in that calm and resigned contentment, which unconsciously cheers the hearthstone of the blameless poor. With his own hand he had ploughed, sowed, and reaped, his own scanty harvest assisted, as they grew up, by three sons, who even in boyhood, were happy to work along with their father in the fields. Out of doors, or in, Gilbert Ainslie was never idle. The spade, the shears, the ploughshare, the sickle, and the flail, all came readily to hands that grasped them well; and of a morsel of food was eaten under his roof, or garment worn there, that was not honestly, severely, nobly earned. Gilbert Ainslie was a free, but it was for them he loved with a sober and deep affection. The thralldom under which he lived, God had imposed, and it only served to give his character a shade of silent gravity, but not austere; to make his smiles, fiercer, his heart more fervent; to calm his soul at grace before and after meals; and to kindle it in morning and evening prayer.

There was no need to tell the character of the wife of such a man. Meek and thoughtful, yet glad-tempered and gay within, her heaven was in her house; and her gentler and weaker hands helped to bar the doors against want. Of ten children that had been born to them, they had lost three; and as they had fed, clothed, and educated them, respectively, so did they give them who died, a respectable funeral. The living did not cringe to give up for a while, some of their daily comforts, for the sake of the dead; and bought, with the little sums which their industry had saved, decent mourning, worn on Sabbath, and then carefully laid by. Of the seven that survived, two were farm-servants in the neighborhood, while three daughters and two sons remained at home, growing or grown up, a small, happy, hard-working household.

Many cottages there are in Scotland like Moss-side, and many such humble and virtuous cottages were now beneath its roof of straw. The eye of the passing traveller may mark them, or mark them not, but they stand peacefully in thousands all over the land; and most beautiful do they make it; through all its wide valleys, and narrow glens—its low hills, encircled by rocky walls of some bonny burn—its green mountains elated with their little crowning groves of plane trees—its yellow cornfields, its bare pastoral hillsides, and all its healthy waters, in whose black bosom the shining or concealed lades of excessive verdure, inhabited by flowers, and visited only by far-flying bees. Moss-side was not beautiful to a careless or hasty eye; but when looked on and surveyed, it seemed a pleasant dwelling. Its roof, overgrown with grass and moss, was almost as green

as the ground, out of which its weather-stained walls appeared to grow. The moss behind it was separated from a little garden, by a narrow strip of arable land, the dark color of which showed that it had been won from the wild by patient industry, and by patient industry retained. It required a bright sunny day to make moss-side fair; but then it was fair indeed; and when the little brown moor-land birds were singing their short songs among the rushes and the heather, or a lark, perhaps lured hither by some green barley-field, or its undisturbed nest, rose ringing all over the enlivened solitude, the little bleak farm smiled like the paradise of poverty, sad and affecting in its lone and extreme simplicity. The boys and girls had made some plots of flowers among the vegetables that the little garden supplied for their homely meals; pinks and carnations, brought from walled gardens of rich men father down in the cultivated strath, grew here with somewhat diminished lustre; a bright show of tulips had a strange beauty in the midst of that moorland; and the smell of roses mixed well with that of clover, the beautiful fair clover that loves the soil and the air of Scotland, and gives the rich and balmy milk to the poor man's lips.

In this cottage, Gilbert's youngest child, a girl about nine years of age, had been lying for a week in a fever. It was now on Saturday evening, and the ninth day of the disease.—Was she to live or die? It seemed as if a very few hours were between the innocent creature and Heaven. All the symptoms were those of approaching death. The parents knew well the change that comes over the human face, whether it be in infancy, youth or prime, just before the departure of the spirit; and as they stood together by Margaret's bed, it seemed to them that the fatal shadow had fallen upon her features.—The surgeon of the parish lived some miles distant, but they expected him now every moment, and many a wishful look was directed by tearful eyes along the moor.—The daughter, who was out to service, came anxiously home on this night, the only one that could be allowed her, for the poor must work in their grief, and their servants must do their duty to those whose bread they eat, and even when nature is sick, sick at heart. Another of the daughters came in from the potatoe field beyond the brae, with what was to be their frugal supper. The calm noiseless spirit of life was in and around the house, while death seemed dealing with one who a few days ago, was like light upon the floor, and the sound of music, that always breathed upon when most wanted; glad and joyous with common talk, sweet silvery, and mournful, when it joined in hymn and psalm. One after another they all continued going up to the bed-side, and then coming away sobbing or silent, to see their merry little sister, who used to keep dancing all day like a butterfly in a meadow field, or like a butterfly with shut wings on a flower, trifling for a while in the silence of her joy, now tossing restlessly on her bed, and scarcely sensible to the words of endearment, whispered around her, or the kisses dropt with tears, in spite of themselves, on her burning forehead.

Utter poverty often kills the affections; but a deep, constant, and common feeling, of this world's hardships, and an equal participation in all those struggles by which they may be softened, unite husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, in thoughtful and subdued tenderness, making them happy indeed while the circle round the fire is unbroken, and yet preparing them every day to bear the separation, when some one or other is taken slowly or suddenly away. The souls are not moved by fit and starts, although, indeed nature sometimes wrestles with necessity; and there is a wise moderation, both in the joy and grief of the intelligent poor, which keeps lasting trouble away from their earthly lot, and prepares them silently and unconsciously for heaven.

"Do you think the child is dying?" said Gilbert with a calm voice to the surgeon, who, on his weary horse, had just arrived from another sick-bed, over the misty range of hills; and had been looking steadfastly for some minutes on the little patient. The humane man knew the family well, in the midst of whom he was standing, and replied; "While there is life there is hope; but my pretty little Margaret is, I fear, in the last extremity." There was no loud lamentation at these words—all had before known, though would not confess it to themselves, what they were now told—and though the certainty that was in the words of the skillful man made their hearts beat for a little with sicker throbbings, made their pale faces paler, and brought out from some eyes a greater gush of tears, yet death had been before in this house, and in this case he came, as he always does, in awe, but not in terror.—There were wandering and wavering and dreamy delicious phantasies in the brain of the innocent child; but the few words she indistinctly uttered were affecting, not rendering to the heart, for it was plain that she thought herself herding her sheep in the green silent pastures, and sitting wrapped in her plaid upon the low and sunny side of Birk-knove. She was too much exhausted—there was too little life—too little breath in her heart, to frame a tune. Some of her words seemed to be from favorite old songs; and at last her mother wept, and turned aside her face, when the child, whose blue eyes were shut, and her lips almost still,

breathed out these lines of the beautiful twenty-third psalm:

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

The child was now left with none but her mother by the bed-side, for it was said to be best so; and Gilbert and his family sat down round the kitchen, for awhile in silence. In about a quarter of an hour, they began to rise calmly, and to go each to his allotted work. One of the daughters went forth with the pail to milk the cow, and another began to set out the table in the middle of the floor for supper, covering it with a white cloth. Gilbert viewed the usual household arrangements with a solemn and untroubled eye; and there was almost the faint light of a grateful smile on his cheeks as he said to the worthy surgeon, "You will partake of our fare after your day's travel of toil and humanity." In a short silent half hour, the potatoes and oat cakes, butter and milk, were on the board; and Gilbert, lifting up his toil-hardened, but manly hand with a slow motion, at which the room was as hushed as if it had been empty, closed his eye in reverence, and asked a blessing. There was a little stool, on which no one sat, by the old man's side. "It had been put there unwittingly, when the other seats were all placed in their usual order; but the golden head that was wont to rise at that part of the table was now wanting. There was silence—not a word was said—their meal was before them—God had been thanked, and they began to eat.

While they were at their silent meal a horseman came galloping to the door, and with a loud voice, called out that he had been sent express with a letter to Gilbert Ainslie; at the same time rudely, and with an oath, demanding a dram for his trouble. The eldest son, a lad of eighteen, fiercely seized the bridle of his horse, and turned its head away from the door. The rider somewhat alarmed at the flushed face of the powerful stripping, threw down the letter and rode off. Gilbert took the letter from his son's hand, casting, at the same time, a half unbraiding look on his face, that was returning to its former color. "I feared," said the youth, with a tear in his eye—"I feared that the brute's voice, and the trampling of the horse's feet would have disturbed her." Gilbert held the letter hesitatingly in his hand as if afraid at that moment, to read it; at length, he said aloud to the surgeon: "You know that I am a poor man, and debt, if justly incurred, and punctually paid when due, is no dishonor." Both his hand and his voice shook lightly as he spoke; but he opened the letter from the lawyer and read it in silence. At this moment his wife came from her child's bed-side, and looking anxiously at her husband, told him "not to mind the money, that no man, who knew him, would arrest his goods, or put him into prison. Though, dear me, it is cruel to be put to thus, when our bairn is dying; and when, if it so be the Lord's will, she should have a decent burial, poor innocent, like them that went before her." Gilbert continued reading the letter, with a face on which no emotion could be discovered; and then, folding it up, he gave it to his wife, told her she might read it if she chose, and then put it into his desk in the room, beside the poor dear bairn. She took it from him, without reading it, and crushed it into her bosom; for she turned her ear towards her child, and thinking she heard it stir, ran out hastily to its bed-side.

Another hour of trial past, and the child was still swimming in life. The very dogs knew there was grief in the house, and lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves, below the long table at the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown upon her knees, that she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why; and often putting up her hand to wipe away a tear. "What is that?" said the old man to his eldest daughter: "What is that you are laying on the shelf?" She could scarcely reply that it was a band and an ivory comb that she had bought for little Margaret, against the night of the dancing school ball. And, at these words, the father could not restrain a long, deep, and bitter groan; at which the boy, nearest in age to his dying sister, looked up weeping in his face, and letting the tattered book of old ballads, which he had been poring on, but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and, going to his father's bosom, kissed him, and asked God to bless him; for the holy heart of the boy was moved within him; and the old man, as he embraced him, felt that in his innocence and simplicity he was indeed a comforter. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," said the old man, "blessed be the name of the Lord."

The outer door gently opened, and he whose presence had in former years brought peace and resignation hither, when their hearts had been tried, even as they now were tried, stood before them. On the night before the sabbath, the minister of Auchindown never left his Manse, except, as now, to visit the sick or dying bed. Scarcely could Gilbert reply to his first question about his child, when the surgeon came from the bed-room, and said: "Margaret seems lifted up by God's hand above death and the grave; I think she will recover. She has fallen asleep, and when she wakes, I hope, I believe, that the danger will be past, and that your child will live."

They were all prepared for death, but now they were found unprepared for life. One wept that had till then locked up all her tears within her heart; another gave a short palpitating shriek; and the tender-hearted Isabel, who had nursed the child when it was a baby, fainted away.—The youngest brother gave way to gladness smiles; and, calling out his dog Hector, who used to sport with him and his little sister on the moor, he told the tidings to the dumb, irrational creature, whose eyes, it is certain, sparkled with a sort of joy. The clock, for some days had been prevented from striking the hour; but the silent fingers pointed to the hour of nine; and that, in the cottage of Gilbert Ainslie, was the stated hour of family worship. His own honored minister took the book;

He wailed a portion with judicious care;
And let us worship God, he said with solemn air.
A chapter was read—a prayer said;—and so too, was sung a psalm; but it was sung low, and with suppressed voices, lest the child's saving sleep might be broken; and now and then the female voices trembled, or some one of them ceased altogether; for there had been tribulation and anguish, and now hope and faith were tried in the joy of thanksgiving.

The child still slept; and its sleep seemed more sound and deep. It appeared almost certain that the crisis was over, and that the flower was not to fade. "Children," said Gilbert, "our happiness is in the love we bear to one another, and our duty is in submitting to and serving God. Gracious, indeed, has he been to us." Is not the recovery of our little darling, dancing singing Margaret worth all the gold that ever was mined? If we had thousands of thousands, would we not have filled up her grave with the worthless dross of gold, rather than she should have gone down there with her sweet face and all her rosy smiles? There was no reply, but a joyful sobbing all over the room.

"Never mind the letter, nor the debt, father," said the eldest daughter, "We have all some little thing of our own—a few pounds—and we shall be able to raise as much as will keep arrest and prison at a distance. Or if they do take our furniture out of our house, all except Margaret's bed, who cares? We will sleep on the floor; and there are potatoes in the field, and clear water in the spring. We need fear nothing; blessed be God for all his mercies."

Gilbert went into the sick room, and got the letter from his wife, who was sitting at the head of the bed, watching, with a heart blessed beyond all bliss, the calm and regular breathings of her child. "This letter," said he mildly, "is not from a hard creditor. Come with me while I read it aloud to our children." The letter was read aloud, and it was well fitted to diffuse pleasure and satisfaction through the dwelling of poverty. It was from an executor to the will of a distant relative, who had left Gilbert Ainslie £1500. "The sum," said Gilbert, "is a large one to folks like us, but not, I hope, large enough to turn our heads, or make us think ourselves all lords and ladies. It will do more, far more, than put me fairly above the world at last. I believe that with it I may buy this very farm, on which my forefathers have toiled. But God, whose providence has sent this temporal blessing, may be send us wisdom and prudence how to use it, and humble and grateful hearts to us all."

"You will be able to send me to school all the year round now, father," said the youngest boy. "And you may leave the flail to your sons now, father," said the eldest. "You may hold the plough still, for you draw a straighter furrow than any of us; but hard work for young sinews, and you may sit now oftener in your arm chair by the ingle. You will not need to rise now in the dark, cold, and snowy winter mornings, and keep threshing corn in the barn for hours by candle light, before the late dawning."

There was silence, gladness, and sorrow, and but little sleep in Moss-side, between the rising and setting of the stars, that were now out in thousands, clear, bright, and sparkling over the unclouded sky. Those who had lain down for an hour or two in bed could scarcely be said to have slept; and when about morning little Margaret awoke, an altered creature, pale, languid, and unable to turn herself on her lowly bed, but with meaning in her eyes, memory in her mind, affection in her heart, and coolness in all her veins, a happy group were watching the first faint smile that broke over her features; and never did one who stood there forget that Sabbath morning, on which she seemed to look round upon them all with a gaze of fair and sweet bewilderment, like one half-conscious of having been rescued from the power of the grave.

The Governor of Upper Alsace, a vain man, and his Countess still vain, honored Howard with a visit. With a very haughty air, the Governor asked the state of the prisons in his government. "The worst in all Germany," said Howard, particularly in the condition of the female prisoners; and I recommend to your countess to visit them personally, as the best means to rectify abuses in their management." "I?" said she, "I go to the prisons?" and hurried away with her husband so rapidly, Howard said he was seriously afraid she would fall down stairs. He nevertheless called after her with a loud voice, "Madam, remember that you are a woman yourself, and must soon like the most miserable female prisoner in a dungeon, inhabit but a small space of that earth from which you equally originated."

OXFORD OBSERVER.

PARIS...THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 22, 1824.

ASPECT OF EUROPE.

We have no foreign news, of very late dates, to give our readers this week. A few extracts however will be found under our foreign head. By the best and most authentic accounts, we think that the political face of Europe has the appearance of soon being disturbed by internal broils, if nothing more. Spain presents a picture of disaffection, and it is thought the amnesty (otherwise the proscription of Ferdinand) will cause some serious troubles and bloodshed. Portugal, also, is far from being quiet, and we have no doubt but that we shall soon have some important intelligence from that quarter.

The cause of the Greeks was prosperous at the last dates, but the *Grand Porte*, says he must have another campaign, in order to subdue them, and it is said that the Sovereigns, who compose the *Holy Alliance* will not meet, (as was contemplated) this summer, on that account.

'TIS AS IT SHOULD BE.

Almost every paper which we receive contains some account of the late celebration of Independence; and from what we gather from all, we are led to conclude that the day was very generally observed throughout the Union. We give in this day's paper, the account of the celebration at Dixfield, and shall, in some future papers, give extracts from the doings at other places, observing, however, that our readers may have the larger part of the toasts, drank on the occasion, by turning to their papers of about this time last year, and substituting Greece, Lord Byron and the Grand Turk, for Spain, Sir Robert Wilson and Ferdinand.

We perceive that the venerable *La Fayette* expects soon to cross the Atlantic, in order to once more shake hands with that people whose liberty he contributed to secure. We observe also, with feelings of pleasure, that arrangements have been made by the civil authorities in Boston, New-York and Philadelphia for his reception. The following extract, is what he says of his intended visit.

La Fayette.—The New-York American contains an extract of a letter to the Editors, from Gen. La Fayette, dated May 12th, in the following words:—"I expect the pleasure to write to you again before long, and the still greater pleasure to take you by the hand, as soon as it is possible for me to cross the Atlantic."

"We understand that *PAUL ALLEN*, Esq. has relinquished the establishment of the "Baltimore Morning Chronicle, and issued proposals for publishing a tri-weekly paper, to be styled the *Baltimore Evening Post*. If he succeeds in this it will be, we believe, the sixth paper established by Mr. Allen in Baltimore."

"*BENJ. A. NORTON*, formerly of Hallowell, in this State, has purchased the establishment of the "Harford Times," and devotes that paper to the support of Mr. CRAWFORD for the Presidency."

"We are requested to give notice that it is expected *Rev. RUSSELL STREETER*, of Portland, will preach at Buckfield on the next Sabbath, and at Readfield on the Sabbath following."

COMMUNICATIONS.

INDIAN JUSTICE.

The town of Livermore, in this County, was settled about the year 1775. It was formerly one of the favorite residences of the Indians, and the traces of their villages and burial places were easily distinguished by the first settlers, as they were pointed out by the few Indians that remained; or by those who came annually from Canada for the purpose of hunting. The rich intervals bottoms of the Androscoggin afforded them beautiful positions, and that they were once thickly tenanted, is demonstrated from the frequent discovery of their various implements, and from the traditions of those solitary individuals that are still frequently seen travelling its banks and lingering around the few remaining traces of their former existence. Many of their peculiarities were noticed by the first settlers, one of which I will relate.

Among the Indians, that frequently visited them, they noticed one uncommonly fierce in his disposition, and always controlling his comrades, by his great strength and brutality. He had been in the French wars, and his person was hideously disfigured from wounds he had received there, and the explosion of a barrel of gunpowder had obliterated from his visage nearly all the traces of humanity. It was noticed, that he always carried with him an aged female, that was a cripple, and who was ascertained to be neither his connexion in law nor blood. He always displayed great anxiety in her welfare, and anticipated and relieved her wants, with more than Indian courtesy. In their marches, he used frequently to carry her upon his shoulders; but was never seen to ill-treat her, to complain of his lot, or solicit a division of his labor. Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that he was compelled to perform this in accordance to a sentence of his tribe, dooming him to death, respited only upon the fulfilment of a condition; which was, that his own life should be spared, so long as he continued that of this female, provided for her wants, and safely transported her as she wished, in their migratory excursions.

The cause of that sentence, it seems, was this. The tribe, or party that he belonged to, at one time, in passing over the mountains to Canada, to dispose of their furs in the French market, was overtaken by the severity of winter; and this Indian, owing to some infirmity that had fastened upon him, was obliged to encamp with his wife and child. The disease increased and he was shortly unable to provide

sustenance for himself and family. His appetite, however, became ravenous and intolerable, and after devouring every thing their slender stores afforded, and all that could be procured from the forest by the unremitting exertions of his wife, he laid his unhallowed hands upon his infant, and the mother, with unutterable anguish, saw him feasting upon its bloody and mangled limbs. She soon shared the same fate, principally, as he afterwards said, to silence her incessant moanings for the loss of her babe. Early in the ensuing spring, he was discovered in his camp, nearly recovered of his disease, by the same party in their return. Upon inquiring as to his wife and child, he pointed with his finger to their mutilated remains, hanging up in the noose of his wigwam. The atrocity of his deed smote upon the feelings of a younger Indian, and his tomahawk was swiftly descending, when an elder one interposed. The great strength, the skillfulness and the past services of the murderer saved his life. But the above sentence was passed upon him by the judges of his tribe, and which the culprit was observed most scrupulously to fulfil.

VIATOR.

CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Our National Anniversary was duly noticed at Dixfield Village, on the 5th instant, by the inhabitants of that town, Rumford, Mexico, Weld, Peru, Canton and Plantation No. 4. Thirteen salutes of 13 guns each were fired at the rising of the sun, by the *Dixfield Light Infantry*, the National and State Colors were displayed, and a procession formed at 12 o'clock M. which was escorted to the house of Mr. N. Graves, on the Mexico side of the river, where a sumptuous entertainment was prepared. Gen. S. Holland was President and W. P. Carpenter, Esq. assisted as Vice-President. Gen. H. Farwell pronounced an Oration, which was replete with sentiments of patriotism. Harmony prevailed through the day, and party spirit gave place to the better feelings of love and friendship.

The following toasts were offered:

1. *4th of July 1776*.—May it ever be associated with the effects which it produced.
2. *James Monroe, President of the United States*.—After discharging the duties of the high office, which now devolve on him, may he, like Washington, return to his farm and his plough.
3. *The tree of liberty*.—Deep rooted in Columbia's soil, may its branches overspread the earth, while the shrubs of the "Holy Alliance" shall wither beneath its shade.
4. *The sons of liberty*.—May they always be ready to pay tribute of powder and ball to all invading foes.
5. *The American Eagle*.—May it never come nearer the deck, than in the action of the Constitution and Java.
6. *The American Navy*.—Under the protection of her Eagle, may she fear no artillery but that of Heaven.
7. *The surviving officers and soldiers of the Revolution*.—Having fought the good fight, may they long live to enjoy that liberty they so dearly bought, together with the gratitude of a generous people.
8. *La Fayette, the only surviving General of the American Revolution*.—Long live his principles of patriotism, while his virtues shall forever perpetuate his name.
9. *The American Soldiers*.—Prompt in the discharge of duties as servants of their country.
10. *The next President*.—May the riddling and sifting of men and characters, produce the riven of the nation.
11. *The State of Maine*.—The Pole Star of the nation, may she ever be a sure guide to the political and moral world.
12. *The Clergy*.—We venerate the man whose heart is warm, whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life, coincident, exhibit lucid proof that he is honest in the sacred cause.
13. *American Fair*.—While we are chained with their charms, may we be charmed with their chains.

Amongst the Volunteer toasts, was the following.

THE AMERICAN FAIR.

'Tis not a fair face, nor ribbons, nor lace,
That give an expression of mind;
The heart that is pure, will ever secure,
The love and esteem of mankind.

OXFORD NOMINATION.

FOR GOVERNOR.

ALBION K. PARRIS.

FOR ELECTORS OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

AT LARGE.

Hon. Thomas Fillebrown,
OF WINTHROP, and

Hon. James Campbell,
OF HARRINGTON.

OXFORD ELECTORAL DISTRICT.

Hon. Benjamin Chandler,
OF PARIS.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS.

Hon. Enoch Lincoln.
OF PARIS.

FOR SENATORS TO THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

Hon. Cornelius Holland,
OF CANTON, and

Hon. James W. Ripley,
OF FRYEBURG.

Hon. Joshua Gage,
OF AUGUSTA, and

Hon. William Chadwick,
OF PORTLAND.

are also in nomination for electors of President and Vice President, to be chosen at large.

MARRIED.

In this Village, on Sunday last, by Rev. Mr. Hooper, Mr. AMOS FULLER, to Miss MIRANDA PENNY.
In Sumner, on the 11th inst. by Bethuel Cary, Esq. Mr. HARVEY BOWKER, of Paris, to Miss Phoebe Proctor, of the former place.
In Salem, Capt. Joseph Morgrave, of the Navy of the Colombian Republic, to Miss Margaret Barker, of the former place.
In Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. DANIEL ANNABLE, to Miss Abigail Dodge, eldest daughter of Richard Dodge.
In Portland, Mr. John F. Fraser, Printer, to Miss Martha B. Becket.

DIED.

In Newbury, on 9th instant, Mr. Ezra Perry, aged 22 years, son of Mr. Joseph Perry of this town. He retired to bed on the evening before his death apparently in good health, and was found dead in the morning.
In Portland, on Sunday morning week, after a long and distressing sickness, Mrs. Anna, wife of Amos Nichols, Esq. Secretary of State, and only daughter of the late Capt. Samuel Hill, of Sherburne, Mass. aged 31.
In Gloucester, Mr. Nathaniel Millitt, a revolutionary pensioner, aged 67—Mr. Jeremiah Burnham, an invalid pensioner, aged 69. He fell out of his chair and expired instantly.
In Baltimore, Mr. Samuel Curry, Printer, in the 23d year of his age.

"Oh! thou great head of earth and heaven,
Who dost the howling tempest ride,
Thy will the holy rule has given;
Thou wast the Printer's friendly guide:
And now his earthly, mouldering form,
Is locked in death's close icy clasp.
O! save his spirit from the storm
That hurls the vicious from thy face;
And Oh! when thy last trump shall sound
And bid the sleeping dust arise,
May he be in the columns found
That form the pages of the skies."

FARMER'S MIRROR.

The judicious and increasing attention of our citizens to agricultural pursuits, must be regarded, by every enlightened friend of his country, as among the happiest presages of its future prosperity. Agriculture, the most ancient and useful of the Arts, the inseparable companion, if not the parent of civilization, is rapidly obtaining that rank in public estimation, to which its intimate connexion with the cardinal interests of every well regulated community gives it so unquestionable a claim. The absurd prejudice, which has associated the cultivation of the soil with the idea of an ignoble servitude, is fast disappearing under the influence of milder systems of government, and has already ceased to operate on minds having the least pretension to discrimination or enlargement of view. The Patriarch of the human race was commanded by his Creator to "replenish the earth, and to subdue it;" we may therefore, infer, that a limited attention to agriculture was among the happy employments of Adam, in the days of primeval innocence. But, in the language of a distinguished prelate, that original transgression which banished man from Paradise, banished Paradise from the earth. The primal curse is still in unmitigated operation, and, without "the sweat of the brow," the least reluctant soils will yield but scanty fruits for the sustenance and the comfort of man. Toil is an indispensable prerequisite in every department of life, where wealth, or honor, or even daily bread, is sought with a reasonable prospect of success. The scholar, amid, the lofty abstractions of the closet, when fatigued by incessant vigils, realizes the painful truth, that "much study is a weariness of the flesh." The merchant, though stimulated by the incitement of enterprise and the bustle of occupation, must occasionally feel the energies of his body and mind relax under the pressure of business, without variety and without remission. And how grievous are the toils of those choice spirits who discover no enterprise but in the pursuit of pleasure—who disdain to "eat the bread of carefulness," and seek, amid the fugitive joys of sensuality, a temporary refuge from the torpor of dejection, or the oppressive listlessness of voluntary inaction.—Let not the unobtrusive husbandman fear to compare his lot with that of those whose proud externals and apparent exemption from toil are extremely fallacious indications of their just rank on the scale of human happiness.—Living in a land of promise and of plenty, and under the government of mild and equal laws, the American Farmer must exult in the consciousness that "the lines are fallen to him in pleasant places," that his is, in truth a goodly heritage. He loves the soil, because it is the legacy of his fathers and because he derives from its fruitful bosom the means of sustaining life, and protecting his feelings and opinions from the dictation of arrogance and the various temptations of penury.—His quiet and unsophisticated modes of thinking and living indispose him, to listen, with eagerness, to the solicitations of intrigue or sedition, and it is proverbial that the contagious frenzy of revolution extends, not without difficulty, to the cautious, reflective, and well balanced mind of the farmer. *Prov. Amer.*

Water your plants with soap suds.—We have heretofore frequently recommended the use of soap suds, both as a manure and an antidote against insects. We have received repeated confirmation of the utility of this substance. A gentleman assures us that it is the best of all manures for cucumbers, watermelons, &c. as it not only causes them to grow with great rapidity, but preserves them from bugs, worms, &c. You will, therefore, please to bear all this in mind on washing days, and see that *Jemima* commits no wanton waste of this species of property. Preserve it in tubs or other suitable receptacles, and apply it to your plants every evening at sun down, after having been exposed to the heat of the sun during the day.

FARMERS have often injured themselves by grasping after too much land. In many instances, it has been more the line of their ambition to own large farms, than to be skillful farmers. It has been the prevailing struggle, to extend every one his own domain and to add field to field. This however in a general view, is poor economy, and tends to poverty rather than to riches. It is the thorough cultivation of a few acres rather than the possession of many, that fills one's barn and granaries. Whoever has been in the vicinity of such large towns as New-York and Boston, must have observed, that, by reason of the high cultivation of their lands, a small inclosure produces as much as a considerable farm commonly does in the interior parts of the country. It is a necessary point of prudence for a farmer to proportion the dimensions of his farm to his means of improvement. A large farm requires a large sum of money on hand to stock it and to defray the necessary expenses of much labor; otherwise some parts of it, which are not cultivated, and yet taxed, will be a bill of cost and will tend to eat up the profits of the rest. Considerable expense is requisite to bring common lands in to a state of high cultivation, but this expense is sure to be repaid more than fourfold; inasmuch that it would be much more profitable, generally, for a farmer to lay out his spare money in the way of increasing the cultivation of his land, than either to loan it, or to purchase therewith more lands. A man, that has a large farm, but no money, and perhaps is some in debt, derives from it but little clear profits. He is obliged to husband his farm under so many disadvantages, that it pays him but little more than for his labor; and if he should consent to sell the one half, and lay out the proceeds in manuring and cultivating the other half, he would greatly relieve the burdens of his life and would be a richer man for it.

How to tell a horse's age by his teeth.

The following article is copied from a valuable work, completed and lately published by Mr. J. Foster, of Winchester, (Va.) under the title of "The Domestic Animals' Friend, or the Complete Virginia and Maryland Farmer." A horse that has arrived at an age fit for service, ought to have forty teeth, twenty four grinders, twelve fore teeth, and four tusks. Mares, however, have but thirty-six, except when they happen to have tusks, which is by no means common. It is by the fore teeth and tusks that the age of a horse is to be judged of and as they are not generally put to service until they come three years old (and indeed this is one year too soon,) we shall commence our description of the teeth at that age. At three, therefore, he will have four horse and eight colt teeth, which are called pinners, have a deep black hole in the middle; while those of the colt are round, solid and white. A short time before the horse comes four years old, he loses four middle teeth, two above and two below, which are followed by four more horse teeth with black holes in the middle, the same as the pinners. A few months before he becomes five, he sheds the four corner teeth, two above and two below, which is his last colt's teeth; and at five they are replaced with horse teeth hollow as above described, and grooved on the inside. At this age he also gets four tusks, the two lower ones generally three or four months before the upper.

Some horses, however, never have any upper tusks, but this is not common. The appearance of the two lower tusks is the most certain proof that the horse is coming five years old; even if some of his colt's teeth still remain.

When he is nearly six, all his forty teeth are full grown, pointed, and a little concave on the inside. At six the grooves on the inside begin to fill up, and soon after disappear: the black holes in the middle of the teeth also begin to fill up, but are still very apparent.

At seven, all the fore teeth except the corner ones, are generally filled up smooth though a black spot in the centre may yet appear. Between seven and eight, the corner teeth also fill and become smooth: after eight it is difficult, indeed by some held impossible, to judge correctly on the age of a horse; all the striking marks of his mouth having disappeared.

After which period, recourse must be had to the general aspect of the mouth. If the tusks be flat and pointed, and have two small grooves on the inside, which you can readily feel with your finger, be assured he is not old, probably not yet ten; but if you find only one groove within the tusk, you may conclude that he is approaching twelve.

After twelve, grooves generally disappear, and tusks become as blunt and as round within as without. The length of the teeth is by no means a certain criterion to judge of the age, though long teeth projecting forward, certainly indicates an advanced age, as the teeth of young horses are not so long, and generally meet almost perpendicularly.

The lips of a young horse are very firm and elastic, while those of an old one are soft, flabby and hanging, and the tongue often so large that the cavity of the mouth is scarcely capable of containing it.

The holes in the centre of the teeth sometimes continue to an advanced age, but when the tusks become round and blunt, the fore teeth long and projecting forward, the tongue large and flabby, the horse is most certainly old, say from twelve to twenty, or upwards notwithstanding any apparent marks to the contrary.

Having noticed all the marks which serve to instruct us as to the age of a horse, it is believed that a person of the most common capacity may, by paying attention to the foregoing directions, ascertain the age of a horse with a considerable degree of certainty, at least, until he is too far advanced to be of much value."

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FOREIGN SUMMARY.

From Spain.—Ferdinand, says a London paper, has issued what is called an Amnesty-decree; but in reality it is no other than a proscription list of the most atrocious and sweeping kind. There is scarcely a man in Spain who can read or write, who can be considered exempt from persecution, if the amnesty-decree is carried into execution, so comprehensive are its exceptions. In them, a designing friar, or a hungry lawyer can find a charge against every man who has held any rank in society during the constitutional regime, of whom they may wish to rid themselves. The king of Spain's amnesty-decree, therefore, instead of reconciling him with his people or drawing back a single exile now in a foreign land, widens the breach still more, and most assuredly will drive the most valuable portion of the population out of the country. We are assured, that from the first of January, to the first of May, no less than 7000 passports were delivered in Madrid.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

The fast sailing sch. *Trimmer*, arrived at New-York in 46 days from Carthagena. Passenger, Wm. D. Robinson, Esq. who is the bearer of despatches to the Secretary of State, and for the Colombian Minister at Washington.

The French frigate *Clara*, and brig of war *Gazelle*, from Martinique and last from Lagaira, arrived at Carthagena on the 15th of June. The frigate landed at Lagaira Mr. Chavereux, on a mission from the French government, to that of Colombia, the nature of which had not transpired. The frigate of war *Surinam*, arrived on the 17th from Jamaica, with despatches for the English Commissioners at Bogota, and proceeded the same day for Barbadoes.

Special advices were received and published at Carthagena from the Head Quarters of Gen. BOLIVAR, dated in April, which gave a flattering account of the Republican Army in Peru; and an official account of the destruction of the Spanish squadron in the Bay of Callao, by a division of the Republican force.

The Augsburg Gazette states that, it is generally believed in the event of the campaign against the Greeks being unsuccessful, the subjects of the Porte will immediately rise in rebellion.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

West India. The accounts from these islands, though not abundant in details, are interesting, because, as it appears to us, they are of a portentous character. Every thing seems to indicate the approach, of those insular colonies, of the dissolution of old connections, if not of the very bands of society. There are three parties, whose interests are radically at variance, viz: those who advocate the plans of Parliament for the melioration of the state of the slaves, the resident planters, and the colored people. If the planters would second the efforts of Parliament for the gradual improvement of the character and condition of their slaves, backed as they would be by the power of the mother country, the bloody horrors of another St. Domingo insurrection would be prevented; but such is the pertinacity with which they seek to perpetuate the degradation of the negroes—such is the intemperance with which they oppose the plans of Parliament, and the violence with which they treat all who are found among them for the purpose of aiding those plans, that they are likely to precipitate revolt, and bring on prematurely, and with an unnecessary aggravation of calamity, the terrible desolations of servile war.

Crimes and murders have become so frequent as to excite no surprise. But, though expected as a matter of course in every account from that quarter, yet the frequency of their occurrence is not only proof of the feebleness of law, but also, of the general prevalence of a spirit of fierce discontent which is fast preparing the way for a revolution and for the erection of new institutions after they shall have been sufficiently steeped in blood.—*Troy Sentinel*.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

We have been favored with Maranhao papers as late as the 2d of June, received by the *Plato*, which arrived at this port yesterday. They contain no political news, but are filled with official notices of a local nature; one of which is an account of an opposition of a few individuals to the government, apparently of no magnitude, and the results of which does not appear from the latest papers. We are however informed by Capt. Treadwell that on the 4th of June, being two days later than the papers, a kind of a revolution was effected by the natives, who seem entirely opposed to the existing government and the European Portuguese. A serious attack was made upon the Provisional Junta for the Administration of the Government; seven men were killed in the affray and several wounded. Among the killed was a brother of the Governor of the Province, who, Capt. Treadwell understood, fled or was immediately sent to Rio.

The disturbance subsided by the partial success of the revolutionists; and when Capt. T. left, which was the 11th of June, affairs were in a more tranquil state. Similar disturbances had taken place at Ceara, and other provinces. In short, Capt. T. describes the whole North Coast of Brazil to be in a disquieted state. *Salem Gazette*.

From the Lexington (Ky.) Monitor.

More Murder.—A most shocking murder was committed on the night of the 20th May last, in Henderson county, on the body of Mr. Elijah Walton. On the day preceding he was beset by eight men calling themselves *regulators*, while working in his field not far from the Knob Lick. He was knocked down, bound hand and foot and carried to the house of Mr. Simon Suggs, (one of the party) where he remained until night, when he was taken to the woods, tied to a tree, his clothes cut off with a knife, and scourged in the most inhuman manner; finally, to conclude the dreadful scene, these horrid fiends ended the bloody tragedy by cutting his throat to the bone and extending to each ear; they dragged the body a few steps and covered it with leaves. The neighbors sounded the alarm on the next day and found the body in this situation.—The tree where they bound him was bloody five feet up it, and the ground literally drenched with gore. The names of six of the persons concerned in this bloody affair have been ascertained, and some of them taken.—They are Simon Suggs, Calvin Suggs, Samuel Guiler, Gilbert Christy, Jas. R. Laird, and Abraham Clay. What a state of things are we to have? Is every man to be the avenger of his own wrongs and shed the blood of his fellow men with impunity? An Is he permitted to slay his enemy if he is a his way or gives him the slightest provocation? Such a state of society is of all others the most to be deprecated; and yet it seems we are hastening to it.

In 24 July, two men, one white and the other black, let their lives from foul air. The black man went to help out a sewer in a yard, and sunk down, crying for help, when the white man went to his assistance and both perished, notwithstanding medical aid was early and every means were used for their recovery. *N. Y. Pa.*

Parish.—A man was lately committed to jail in parish, charged with having murdered his father, by beating him with his fist.

Rochester, July 9. On Tuesday last, a melancholy accident occurred at Mr. Peter Cheville's fine mill, on the James River Canal near this city. The band round one of the stones slipped while it was in full motion; small pieces of it flew off at first—but the whole mass bulging out by the operation of the centrifugal force, the blocks flew with irresistible impetuosity in all directions. On of the attendants (a black man) was killed on the spot, terribly mangled. Another black man had his thighs broken, and died the same evening. A third was struck in the face; his upper lip was severely cut—but no serious apprehensions were entertained about his life, though it was reported in the course of yesterday that he was dead.

Melancholy Accident.—It is with painful regret that we are again called upon to record another steam boat accident. About one o'clock yesterday afternoon, the boiler of the steam boat *Jersey* burst while she was lying at the wharf at Powles Hook, and a young lady named Charlotte Nelson, was instantly killed, the pilot, William West, very badly scalded, and a colored man slightly injured. Miss Nelson, at the time of the accident, was sitting in the small cabin on deck, immediately adjoining the boiler. No person can tell how the accident occurred, unless it was by some obstruction in the valves. The boiler was nearly new, having only been a short time in use; was on the low pressure principle, and the furnace was of 3-8ths copper. We understand that the boiler was blown between twenty and thirty feet into the air, and descended in an inverted position. *N. Y. Gaz.*

Shocking.—We understand a young man by the name of Flint, who lately returned to Stoddard, in this County, in a state of mental derangement, from Malden, where he had been employed in the silk dye factory, suddenly arose from a deep reverie, and seizing a fire-shovel, almost buried it in the forehead of Mr. Micajah Mears, who had the care of him. The blow must be fatal to life, though he had sensation, and the power of speech after the surgeon had dressed the wound. Both of the optic nerves were severed, leaving him totally blind. *N. H. Sen.*

Singular case of Hydrophobia.—Mr. James Whiting lately died at Hamilton, Washington County, exhibiting in his last sickness strong symptoms of hydrophobia. He had been bitten by a mad dog 30 years before.

The Bastile.—The keys of this once terrible prison, are in the United States, the property of Judge Washington, one of the heirs of the General.

Accident.—Last Tuesday week, a man by the name of Dunn, one of the workmen engaged in getting out stone for the works going on at Black Rock, very unadvisedly passed by a blacksmith's shop, with a keg of powder, under his arm, unheeded. A spark from the forge blew into it, when it exploded, and tore the unfortunate man almost to pieces. His case is considered as hopeless. *N. Y. Spectator.*

The celebrated Capt. John Cleves Symmes is a candidate for election in Kentucky, and pledges himself to vote for Mr. Clay, he being decidedly in favor of internal improvements.

Extraordinary Calf.—A cow belonging to Elihu Sanford, Esq. of Woodbridge, on the 24th of May, had a calf, which, when 24 hours old, weighed 135 lbs. *Norwich Courier.*

Juvenile Patriotism. A very pleasant circumstance occurred on Monday, at the National Republican Celebration. The *La Fayette Blues*, a company of 140, under the command of Capt. Russell, (son of the Editor of the Centinel, about 12 years of age), which paraded in honor of the day, passing by the *Halboro' Hotel*, were invited by the gentlemen to call in and take some refreshment. The invitation was readily accepted and they marched into the Hall with all the precision of veterans, and were cordially received and entertained. The President of the day proposed to them this toast—

American Youth.—“Buds of Hopeful Promise”—may the spirit which actuated their fathers never cease to glow in the offspring.”

“which was replied to by Capt. Russell, in behalf of his company, with the following sentiment:—
Our patriotic Predecessors—While the Eagle soars o'er our country, may the principles our fathers inculcated never be forgotten. *Bor. Stat.*

Deaf and dumb.—One thousand dollars were appropriated by the New-Hampshire Legislature at their late session, for the education of the deaf and dumb.

A promising boy, between eleven and twelve years of age, recently poisoned himself unintentionally by eating Wild Parsnip, supposing it to be “Sweet Anna.” He belonged to Amwell township, Pennsylvania.

Bishop Chase of Ohio, appears to be prosecuting the object of his mission very successfully in England. One individual, Lady Rosse, has presented him £300 (\$1332.)

Hebron Academy.

THE spring term at this school will close the 21st inst. The fall term will commence the third Wednesday of August next, and will continue under the care of Mr. CORNELL, whose experience in teaching, and whose attention to his scholars are such as cannot fail to give satisfaction to those that may attend his instruction.

Board from a dollar to a dollar thirty-three cents per week. July 17, 1824. 6w

WHEREAS MARY-ANN, my wife, has, without any just cause, left my board and lodgings, and carried with her her daughter, Olive Jane, and her father has carried away her goods, furniture, &c. without any difficulty between us, for I have done all in my power to make her comfortable—This, therefore, is to forbid all persons trusting or harboring them on my account, as I am resolved not to pay one cent on their account after the third instant, the day she went away. And when they see cause to bring the said child to me, I shall endeavor to take care of and provide for her. GRINFILL FISHER. Livermore, July 8, 1824.

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss. JULY 20, 1824.

TAKEN on execution, and will be sold at public vendue at the tavern of JOSHUA SMITH, Esq. in Norway, in said County, on Monday, the twenty-third day of August next, at two of the clock in the afternoon, all the Right and Equity of Redemption that Col. Amos Town, of said Norway, has in redeeming the following described real estate, situated in said Norway, being the westerly part of the twelfth lot, in the first range of lots, situated in that part of said Norway, which was formerly called Cummings Gore, a Grant containing about forty acres. Said land was mortgaged to Increase Robinson of said Norway, for the sum of one hundred and thirty-seven dollars, by a deed dated September 23d, A. D. 1823, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said County, Volume 22, page 396—reference thereto being had for a more full description.

JOHN BONNEY, Deputy Sheriff.

NOTICE.

ALL persons who are indebted to the late firm of GOODALE, GLAZIER & Co. are requested to pay the same without the least delay, as their notes and accounts will be out of the possession of the subscriber in a few days. ASA BARTON, Agent. Paris, July 22, 1824.

NOTICE.

THE committee chosen by the town of Paris, at the last April meeting, for the purpose of devising some system, for the support of the poor in said town, will receive proposals, on what terms a farm can be purchased, on which said poor can be supported. The contractor to state the situation of the land and buildings; the number of acres of mowing, tillage, pasturing and woodland; with all the particulars relative thereto; the amount of purchase money and times of payment. Said proposal is to be made in writing to either of the subscribers, on or before the 26th day of August next.

BENJA. CHANDLER, } Per Order.
THOMAS CLARK, } cop2m.

JULY 8, 1824.

BOOKS & STATIONARY.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE AT THE OXFORD BOOKSTORE, MEMOIRS of Mrs. FANNY NEWELL, wife of Ebenezer F. Newell, preacher of the Gospel. Mrs. Newell made a public profession of religion in early life, united with the Methodist church, and in April last, aged 30 years. Her Memoirs are interesting to all such as have a reverence for experimental and practical piety.

ALSO, LAWS OF MAINE, January Session, 1824; Maine Justice; Goods Practice of Physic; Bichats' general Anatomy, with a general assortment of Medical Books. School and Classical Books; Bibles, Testaments, &c. &c.

WITH A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF STATIONARY ARTICLES. All of which will be sold cheap, for cash, or good clean cotton or linen RAGS. Paris, July 15, 1824.

CAUTION.

I HEREBY caution the public against purchasing a Note of hand, signed by Scot Thoms, (bearing date July the first, A. D. 1823, for fifty-five dollars, payable in the month of March, A. D. 1825, on interest after the first day of March instant, and by me endorsed) on my responsibility as endorser; as I endorsed the same not accountable, and am determined not to pay the same provided it be not paid by the signer—the word “not,” having been erased over my name since I endorsed the same.

Paris, March 11, 1824. EBENEZER DANIELS.

JEREMIAH HASKELL.

SIGN OF THE GILT HAT, No. 7 Exchange-street.....Portland, KEEPS constantly on hand, a general assortment of Superfine, Fine, and low-priced BEAVER, CASTOR and IMITATION

HATS, ALL OF THE FIRST QUALITY.....ALSO, IMITATION HATS, on favorable terms, by the case.—Men's and Boys FELT HATS. Portland, June 28, 1824. 3m.

PARIS TAVERN.

THE subscriber would inform the public in general, that he has taken the stand formerly occupied by THOMAS CROCKER, Esq. on Paris Hill; and has opened a PUBLIC HOUSE: and while he solicits public patronage, he pledges himself that nothing shall be wanting on his part to render the stay of gentlemen and ladies travelling both comfortable and agreeable.

ALSO—Good accommodations for HORSES. SIMEON NORRIS. Paris, July 1, 1824.

PORTLAND AND PARIS MAIL STAGE.

THE Proprietor of the above line in future intends running his Stage twice a week. It will start from Portland on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and pass through the following towns, viz: Westbrook, Falmouth, Gray, Poland, Hebron, Norway and arrive at Paris same day.

Every Saturday it will pass through New-Gloucester and Monro, going from Portland; and every Monday pass through the same towns in returning to Portland.

RATES OF FARE. On Wednesdays going from Portland, and on Fridays returning.

From Portland to Gray, Poland, 1 00
“ “ Hebron, 1 25
“ “ Norway, 1 50
“ “ Paris, 2 00

On Saturdays going from Portland, and on Mondays returning.

From Portland to Gray, New-Gloucester, 1 00
“ “ Monro, 1 37
“ “ Poland, 1 50
“ “ Hebron, 1 75
“ “ Norway, 2 00
“ “ Paris, 2 25

Those who wish for passage in the above line, will please apply at I. WATERHOUSE'S Stage Tavern, in Portland, or to the subscriber's boarding house, on Paris Hill.

The subscriber pledges himself that good Carriages and Horses shall be provided. And that nothing, which assiduity and unremitting exertion can effect, shall be left unaccomplished to entitle him to a share of public patronage. JAMES LONGLEY, Paris, July 1, 1824.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICES.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the following lots of land in the town of Sumner, County of Oxford, belonging to non-residents, are taxed in the bills committed to me, the subscriber, Collector of Taxes in said town for the year A. D. 1823, in the following sums, viz:

Owner's name.	Lot.	Range.	Acres.	Value.	Def. of Highway tax for 1822.
Unkn.	1st No. 0, N. 1/2, 1/4	4	60	100	93
do.	do. No. 13	4	136	272	
do.	do. No. 15	4	136	272	3 43
do.	do. No. 15, N. 7	4	45	67	3 43
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And unless said taxes and all intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before Saturday, the thirty-first day of July present, so much of said lands will be sold at Public Auction, on said day, at ten of the clock in the forenoon at L'Arins & Adams' store, in said Sumner, as will discharge the same. SILAS COBURN, Collector of Sumner. Sumner, July 1, 1824.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....NEWRY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following parcels of land, situated in the town of Newry, County of Oxford and State of Maine, that they are taxed for the year 1824, for State, County, Town and School Taxes; committed to me, the subscriber, to collect, as follows, viz:

Owner's name.	No. acres.	Value.	State and County Tax.	School Tax.	Total.
Formerly Sarah Bostwick, now John B. Murray	9424	4712	536,38	35,34	32,51
Formerly Sarah Bostwick, now Theoph. Harris	6704	3352	338,28	23,14	23,12

Unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before Monday, the second day of August next, so much of said land will then be sold at Public Vendue, at the dwelling-house of me, the subscriber, in Newry, at one o'clock; in the afternoon, as will satisfy the same. ANDREW N. STOW, Collector of Newry. Newry, June 30, 1824.

CORONER'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss. JUNE 29, 1824. TAKEN by execution, and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the store of THOMAS CROCKER, Esq. in Paris, in said County, on Monday the second day of August next, at two of the clock in the afternoon, all the Right and Equity of Redemption, that BENNET PUMPLILLY, Jr. of Buckfield, in said County, has in redeeming the following described mortgaged real estate, situated in Turner, in said County, being the westerly half of lot numbered one hundred and thirty-four, and also one fourth part of lot numbered one hundred and thirty-five. Said land was mortgaged to William C. Whitney, Esq. for the sum of four hundred dollars, by deed dated Nov. 24, A. D. 1821, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds in said county, Volume 18, page 396—reference thereto being had for a more full description. LEVI RAWSON, Coroner.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

OXFORD, ss. PURSUANT to Warrants from Elias Thomas, Esq. Treasurer of the State of Maine, to me directed, against the following Township and Tracts of unimproved LAND, situated in the County of Oxford, for the following State tax for the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-three, viz:

Township No. 1, first Range,	\$5 01
do. No. 2, 3d	4 73
do. No. 3, 2d	6 91
do. No. 3, 3d	4 73
do. No. 4, 3d	4 73
do. No. 5, 3d	5 11
do. No. 4, 4th	5 12
do. No. 4,	4 50
do. No. 7,	4 95
do. No. 1, Letter A,	5 89
do. No. 2, Letter A,	6 41
Bradley's and Eastman's Grant,	4 50
Fryeburg Academy Land,	4 19

I hereby give notice, that unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, so much of said Townships and unimproved LAND, will be sold at Public Auction, at the Court-House, in Paris, on Monday, the twenty-third day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, as will be necessary to pay the same respectively.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Sheriff of Oxford County. Hebron, July 1, 1824. 46w.

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the eight day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-four:

ON the petition of John Dennett, Guardian to Eliza Rowe, a minor of Paris in said County, representing that the personal estate of said Eliza is not sufficient to pay the just debts of said ward by the sum of thirty-two dollars and eighteen cents, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said ward as may be necessary for payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED—That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the *Oxford Observer*, printed in Paris in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, on the second Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

BENJA. CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator, de bonis non, on the estate of LUTHER PRATT, late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to the Commissioners. THOMAS CLARK. Paris, June 8, 1824.

THE OLIO.

FOR THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

THE PARSON'S PRAYER.

A certain Parson pray'd for rain,
(The weather being dry)
Unstop thy Bottles, Lord, again,
And send a large supply.
Quickly the skies began to lower,
And loud the thunders roll;
And soon descends a piteous shower—
The joy of ev'ry soul.
Loud blew the wind, fast fell the hail,
With violence the storm increases;
The Parson pray'd, with visage pale,
Don't break thy Bottles, Lord, in pieces.

A decision in law, interesting to the Ladies.

BLACK vs. BLUE.

The eyes that glow with sparkling jet,
And those that swim in orbs of blue—
Black versus Azure, strove to get
The prize to beauty's empire due.
The courts below were mov'd, but fall'd
To solve a case of such impression;
E'en pleaders melted at the tale,
'Twas told with such a soft expression.
Conflicting claims inflame dispute,
Black was too bold, and blue too stupid;
At length this most important suit
Came before Mr. Justice Cupid.
And never was a case before
Perplex'd with such intense confusion—
And never had the dark robb'd corps
Before been fed with such profusion.
The witnesses were—Burning Kisses;
The advocates—Voluptuous Sighs;
The proofs—Unutterable Blisses;
And the reporters—Extacies.
Forbear, to both the prize is due,
'Twas thus the god decreed, forbear!
Woman is fair with eyes of blue—
With eyes of black, she still is fair.
Black more vivacity impart;
In blue more tenderness we find;
Black indicates finesse and art,
And blue the gentleness of mind.
Black is too subject to caprice—
We to the gazer's heart! but blue
Is free from guile and artifice,
Is tender, delicate and true.
In black, I've placed my shafts of fire,
But blue in liquid languor roll;
Black, sparkling black, transports inspire,
But blue enchants, disarms the soul.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

CHRISTIANITY.

The establishment of Christianity is the most sublime and charming spectacle presented by the annals of the human race. The notion of the Deity cleared of the gross fables, that had so long disguised it, was exhibited to the world in all its grandeur and purity, uniting the attributes of infinite power, wisdom and goodness; the character of a first-creating cause, and of an overruling Providence, that watches constantly over his creatures with paternal affection. The gospel explained to us the deep mystery of our nature and destiny, and revealed to us the transitory character of the present life, and the sublimity of our origin and future prospects. It gave to us a perfect code of morals, which sanctifies all the social ties, purifies the natural affections, consoles and supports us in adversity, rewards us for every sacrifice, and inspires the most complete and generous forgetfulness of self. The Gospel represents the Divinity under the form of a kind and heavenly father, and commands us to worship him in spirit and in truth. It strengthens and sanctifies the notion of moral duty, by connecting it with religious feeling, and with the hopes and fears of future retribution. It breathes into the heart of each individual, and into the common frame of society, the new and living principle of love to God and man.—Distracted with agonizing doubts, and crushed to the earth with a load of sorrows, the human race received with transport the revelations of this divine doctrine, which satisfied all their wishes, removed all uncertainties, and opened to the virtuous and the wretched the most encouraging prospects. How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of those that bring good tidings. Such a system carried, as it were, in its effects internal evidence of its heavenly origin. There was also this distinct and peculiar blessing in the Christian dispensation, that it was not an exclusive gift, confined in its distribution to a select few, but addressed itself freely and equally to all. In its nature, it was a common privilege, as large and general as the air. It even looked with a sort of partiality upon the poor and the humble, took by the hand such persons as the world had abandoned, visited the most obscure dwellings, and expressed little children with peculiar fondness. The mythological allegories of the Pagans were probably intended as vehicles of sublime truth; but they were only communicated to a few, and as a profound mystery.—Their philosophers had arrived by meditation at the knowledge of many sound doctrines in theology and morals; but these were still the subjects of grave dispute among the deepest thinkers, and could not be understood by the mass of mankind. This forgotten and neglected mass, nevertheless covers the face of the world, performs all the labor and endures all the sufferings; and it was the precise object of Christianity to raise the character, and improve the condition of this portion of society. It dehailed the proud and exalted the humble; and it viewed all men, of whatever condition or country, as one great family of brothers.

Such primitive beauty, was the theory of our religion, and we see it realized in the early practice of the church. The first Christians were few in number, and under the influence of a firm faith, which with them had over-

come the prejudices of education, and all interested motives. They were penetrated with the true spirit of their religion, and rose above the terrors of persecution, danger and death itself. How admirable is their conduct, as described in the Acts of the Apostles, and the writings of the Fathers. They held every thing in common, had but one heart and soul, were full of zeal in doing good, and patient in suffering evil, perfect patterns of kindness, generosity, and courage, real sages, without knowing it, and they outdid in their humble walks of life the sublime virtues, which we admire in the conduct of the greatest and best men.

Gerardo's History of Philosophy.

PREJUDICE.

One of the greatest pests that ever afflicted the moral world, is prejudice, or a strong bias of the mind against a person, formed without evidence of merit or demerit, and influencing our opinions and conduct in all the relative duties of life. It is an evil so universally felt and so interwoven with our education and dispositions that no person is willing to allow that he possesses an undue share of it. True however it is that some persons do indulge themselves in imbibing these strong prejudices and in giving their baneful effects. Some of the most probable causes of prejudice are the force of education, ignorance of the world, self-confidence and a want of charity. Education gives a tone to the mind, and an elevation to the feelings unknown to the ignorant. The qualifications for the cares and duties of life which education bestows, are often the subjects of envy and the causes of prejudice and ill will. Ignorance and obstinacy are closely allied, and are always found to be united in the same person. The consequences of ignorance and obstinacy on our judgment are self-confidence error and a want of charity. The effect of prejudice will almost always be found to be error, as truth is the result of calm reflection and mature deliberation. "He who steals my purse steals trash," but he who endeavors to prejudice the public against me, to deprive me of their confidence and good will, is worse than an assassin. He takes from me all that makes life desirable, and renders me a stray wanderer on the wide common of the world.—It is often difficult correctly to draw the line between the force of education in its most extensive sense and the judgment unbiassed by passion and prejudice. It is to ascertain the causes of our partialities and prejudices we shall be furnished with a key that will unlock all the recesses of our hearts, lay them open and expose them to the conviction of conscience. How many friends have been separated by the effects of this pest of society, and how many hearts have been wounded by the slanderous tongue and prejudiced mind! I have seen the prejudices of bigoted relations break off an acquaintance which had resulted in mutual esteem, and rend asunder the bonds of friendship to gratify some unaccountable spleen or ill will. I have seen the most endearing ties which bind us together as a society, broken forever by prejudice, and friends rendered enemies by its effects, I have heard the innocent traduced without pretence, and the guilty screened with as little reason, yet whilst other faults and vices are condemned, prejudice walks her rounds and is admitted to almost every bosom as a welcome guest.

N. Inquirer.

Yesterday, To-morrow, and To-day

What is Yesterday? a name given to what is dead, which, but for its death, could not have had a name.—Yesterday gives up the very pretensions of life. His fate is strange—Good deeds may have been done during his existence, or crimes may have marked his progress; but they are buried with him in the grave of time. True it is, their effects remain to bless or punish the beings who transacted them. The moment yesterday is christened, is the moment that proves him dead. He leaves a survivor, whose name is "To-day,"—the name that yesterday previously possessed—and whose fate will be to receive his predecessors' new name, and to follow him to the regions of silence and death to-morrow.

To-morrow's fate is still singular; he can never be said to live; but he never perishes, when the clock at night peaks out twelve, fancy may picture him as being born;—and during the dull hours of darkness, his expected approach may excite all the feelings of which our nature is capable. The crime covered wretch anticipates his coming with fear—the lover, with impatience—the calm philosopher with unmoved placidity; but he disapproves them all; he never comes; loved and dreaded as he is, still he shrouds himself in obscurity, and remains unseen. He is like a disembodied spirit, which is permitted to haunt the mind of man; he is ever suggesting to us that the day is departing, that it is sinking to the tomb of its predecessors Yesterday, and either burys up the mind with hope, or harrows it with fear, of what he himself shall produce;—but, to the morning break; and it is To-day.

This is the best boon of Heaven to man. To-day gives us every opportunity of improving our existence, and becoming what the omniscient intended we should become—useful members of society, virtuous and happy beings. The past vanishes from our view; a glorious future opens upon the sight—but let us not wait for the promised To-morrow's arrival to improve that future, let To-day engross all our attention, as the future will be either happy or miserable, according to our present deeds. If we look back upon yesterday, it is a very shadow, empty and useless as the promised gifts of To-morrow.

Felicity consists not in having the applause of the people at one's entrance; for that is an advantage which all that enter have. The difficulty is, to have the same applause at one's exit.

GENEROSITY AND SELF-HINING.

The man, whose mind is elevated by the dictates of benevolence; whose heart is easily touched by the affecting story of misfortune; whose aim in life is not confined within the narrow care of his own body; but whose plans, and wishes, and hopes, extend farther on, embracing various other objects in their purpose—and he who is not thus extensive in his efforts of good, though not deaf to pity's cry; who is originally insensitive to the touching situations of benevolence, yet easily waked, and then not slow to follow, in noble acts, a generous dictate—they really enjoy a satisfaction, made pleasing by a constant and gentle flow of tranquillity's untroubled stream—they can pass through the buffetings of life's wintry day unharmed and at all times in the possessions of that peace within, which fees without any have dared to destroy. Now let us look at him who never looks beyond himself, what has the parsimony of a narrow mind done for him? Has it spread before him the tables of luxury? has it prepared, within the walls of silver beds of down for his reception, when wearied by society? Yes! all this it may have done; and the gay may throng around him, though only while wealth can induce them in pleasures, and his store houses of plenty feed them; during which some favorite end is not forgotten—yet that joy which speaks in a "and small voice," he cannot share. The very selfish man is a very proud man; vain of what the generous and good would shun; vain, perhaps, of his successes in puerile and notorious pursuits; for on what else can he rest his pride? By him, common civilities are trampled on; amidst every day's enjoyments, he knows not what it is to be truly cheerful; jealousy troubles him; he knows not the emotions of holy sympathy, in joy or sorrow; he is unusually more; he is contented, always ungrateful; if kindnesses are strewn with liberal hand around him, he soon forgets it; the most favorite gratification, he thinks, is not so great as it might have been; the gifts or favors of others he receives more as a matter of course, or as a duty, from magnified reasons of self interest or impulse; in daily pursuits he will stoop to any unbecoming intolerance; honesty with him is but an empty sound, and violated with little compunction—it is never regarded at all, only as best to serve his worldly interest; and, in fact his mind is filled with all that is corrupt, and growing rotten to the core. His usual feelings are alike cold, close, rough, severely austere; at the same time he deprives himself of any felicity, he will not permit those under his care to participate in rational and necessary enjoyments; he is an enemy to his own peace, and yet looks at nothing, thinks of nothing, neither cares for nothing—but himself.

Of what is the generous mind composed? The extreme reverse of all this.—You may see the hollowed principle operate at all times; see it in his desire that others may feel the benefit of his success in the world; see it swelling with gladness in giving relief to the oppressed; see it throwing forth a gleam of respectful light, through a darkened atmosphere, unlighted since that rise at the mention of your good wish, and that shines more conspicuous in the quick transports of enraptured delight, as you approach nearer to the consummation of hopes that animate and help you on the way; see it in his liberal sentiment, his unaffected attention to your opinions, his affability, and forbearance; in his forgiving temper; his unwillingness to hear the asperity of a reproaching tongue;—behold it in every action, hear it in every word; not in the ill declarations of proud words of sincere tenderness, tempered and graced by intelligent modesty; see it in its good effects every where, in its promotion of cheerful, happy, social intercourse; see it laying a firm basis for all purity and frankness of heart, which, where it grows with deep root, will ever remain true to its purpose, happy in its choice.—Oh! may it be seen to illumine and adorn, with its transparent lustre and beauty, every family circle, every path of life—and man will then become of infinite value to his fellow man.

[Salem Gazette.]

VARIETY.

From the Trenton Emporium.

"IF I HAD LEISURE."

Ab, yes! if you had leisure, what would you do? Why, (says the man, who is engaged in business,) if I had leisure, I'd prosecute this charitable object. I'd aid in such such benevolent plans; I would do a great deal of good. But I am much engaged, that I have not a spare moment to devote to any thing, but my business. The man is innocent in his declaration; he really believes what he says; he doesn't know, because he has never experienced it, that leisure is the mother of indolence; and that if he had plenty of the one, he would, ninety-nine chances of a hundred have the other in exact proportion.

If I had leisure, says the merchant, I would pay more attention to my accounts, and try to collect my debts more punctually. Chance, if you are not mistaken, friend; if you had leisure, probably you would pay less attention to the matter, than you now do. The thing you want is not more leisure, but more resolution; the spirit to do, to do now. My word for it, after all, you waste, actually waste, more time, than would be necessary to accomplish all you desire.

If I had leisure, says a mechanic, I should have had my work done in season. The man thinks his time has all been occupied, when he was not at work at all, quitted an hour before dark, smoked a cigar after dinner, and spent two hours at a time in the street, talking nonsense with an idler.

If I had leisure, I'd repair that weak place in my fence, and a farmer. He had not leisure, however; and while he was drinking cider with a neighbor, the cows broke in and destroyed his crop. He found leisure to plant another.

If I had leisure, (said my friend, the wheel-right, last winter,) I'd alter my stove-pipe. He did not have leisure, though, but when his shop took fire and burnt down, he had to take time, and build another.

If I had leisure, I'd sometimes go to meeting, old Tom Rattle used to say; but he found so much "better business," as he called it, on Sunday, that he never went there. He's dead and gone now, poor soul; but he regretted, at his dying day, that he had played off a cheat upon himself in that matter.

People are apt to be very much mistaken in this every hour of their time to the best possible use. Often those, who have least to do, don't do half that thing thoroughly. I'll give a plain illustration, matter, whether of profit, or of charity, or of what does not do; go not to the man, who, half his time, stands or sits with his hands in his breeches-pockets, but to the very industrious person, who, being a thorough business-man, is always at work. That's the man for you. An idler from habit regards every thing that requires a little labor, study, or confinement, as an ant look at a molehill; if it seems a mountain, but an industrious, active man, from habit, looks at the labor with the eye of a man; is not having a job enough to do, but the man.

ability, he does not labor, or hesitate; he acts promptly, spiritedly, and with ease.

Gazette, June, 1841.

My dear friend, I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am glad to hear that you are well. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are still as well as when I last saw you. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are still as well as when I last saw you. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

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ANECDOTES.

JAW CRACKERS.

There are a set of men who continually rack the Dictionary to puzzle their friends and to puzzle men of learning, by using obsolete words and technical terms, which they frequently misapply, to the expense of themselves and the diversion of their hearer. One of these word-grubbers was informed by a friend, that a certain gentleman had fallen from his horse and received a severe blow in his stomach; which was thought would cause a gathering. This valuable piece of news he immediately carried to the barber's shop, with a very unnecessary alteration of language; for his dealer in hard words said that the abdominal pain, and "twas that it would occasion an abcess."—Friend Razor was not long possessed of the learned information, before a customer came to be shaved. The towel was scarcely tucked under his chin, and my friend Razor employed in beating up his lather, when the usual question of what news? was asked. "News," says Razor, "why did you hear the news about the square?" "No," answered the other, "No! said Razor in surprise; why fell from his horse yesterday, and received such a confusion in his abdominal parts, that, 'tis that 'twill occasion his abcess."

A fellow who had been engaged to prove an alibi on a trial, after declaring roundly that the prisoner was in his house at the time the robbery was committed, was asked by the counsel for the prosecutor, whether he had not heard that the prisoner had confessed his guilt? Yes, said he, gravely, but he was at ways a d—d lying dog.

A young man was recommended to Bishop Burnett for ordination. As his lordship stammered a little, he desired his chaplain to examine the candidate. The first question proposed was, "Why did Balaban's 'speak'?" "Because his master had an impediment in his speech," answered the young man, which put an end to the examination.

A clergyman catechizing the youths of his parish, put the first question from the catechism of Heidelberg, to a girl:—"What is your only consolation in life and death?" The poor girl smiled but did not answer. The priest insisted, "Well then," said she, "since I must tell, it is the young chamber-ker of 12-nexus street."

An Irishman went to a physician, and desired to be inoculated. The physician, after examining his request, proceeded to the operation, but his inoculation did not take. He repeated the operation a second and a third time, but still it did not take: "I am greatly surprised," said the doctor, "not so much as I was, returned the Irishman, when I was inoculated three years since, it took the first time."

Disinterested Love.—A young lady being asked by a gentleman, that she was in love with his cat, "Take care," said he, "and then you will possess two-thirds of me, for my mind you have already, and my whole being consists but of mind, body, and estate." "Oh! then," rejoined the juvenile fair, "you would be very unreasonable, Sir, to rob me of all three. Pray keep your body for yourself."

Two foreigners walking up and down a reflection, one proposed to the other to show the company they were not totally ignorant of the English language. The latter, agreeing, addressed the company in a loud voice, and inquired, "Did it rain to-morrow?" The other very appropriately replied, I guess it was. The latter turned to the company, and said, "he ask Vat, and I told him Yas."

Mr. Speaker Clay, as he left the Chair after the tariff Bill passed the House, was complimented on the event, when he observed, "yes, we made a pretty good stand, considering we lost both a foot," meaning Mr. Foot of Connecticut and Mr. Foot of New York, both of whom voted against the bill, though it was expected they would have voted in its favor.

A bad character is better than none.—"Sir," observed a publican of 11, "rather than a man notorious for his character," "how so?" said the other, "he never told me your name in my life." "So matter for that," replied Boniface, "when you came here I was recommended the greatest liar in the place."

Moderation.—A young lady of very delicate appearance, complained to her minister, with tears in her eyes, of an insupportable affliction she daily underwent; which was, that in the morning she was naked, and at night, when she went to bed, was obliged to put them off again.

A thief being brought to be executed, a friend asked him if he was not sorry for having committed the robbery for which he was going to suffer? The criminal answered, yes, but that he was sorry he was not having a job enough to do, but the man.